

[**Billy Hargrove Imagines - Part 2**](#) by [**imaginingmarvelandeverything**](#)

Series: [Billy Hargrove Imagines \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Robin Buckley, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Reader, Billy Hargrove/You

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Summary:

A collection of Billy Hargrove x Reader imagines, originally posted on my tumblr, written post-2018.

1. Lockscreens

Summary for the Chapter:

Modern AU. Y/N realises she is Billy's lock screen.
(fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: mostly fluff (which I need after that season)

Y/N yawned as she pushed herself into a sitting position against her head board. She gently pushed her hair behind her ear as she watched Billy with a smile on her face. The early morning sunlight was streaming through the blinds and illuminating him as he moved around the room getting dressed for work. He had managed to get a job at the local pool over the summer to try and save some cash for when they both went to collage at the end of the summer. Y/N had been awarded a full scholarship due to her swimming so she was only working part time at one of the local shops.

She giggled slightly as he nearly tripped over as he pulled the standard red shorts up his legs.

"What's so funny, baby girl?" He playfully glared at her, his eyes raking over her body. She was only dressed in a sports bra and a pair of shorts. The covers were draped over her lap and her hair was a mess but he wouldn't have her any other way.

Billy had always kept his emotions guarded. Everyone could see it just by looking at him; he refused to let himself be vulnerable. If people knew the real story about his childhood, they might have been more sympathetic. Emotions were seen as a weakness. But no one did know the story so they just viewed him as the schools resident cold-hearted asshole. No one could blame them for it. He got into numerous fights, had slept with more people than anyone could keep track off and held no regard for anyone else's emotions either.

She just smiled at him, her eyes raking down his bare tanned chest in

return. “You know for someone who is so graceful playing basketball, you really are clumsy.”

Y/N was the only person Billy let his guard down around, even then it had taken months to actually get him to open up. When he felt safe and secure though, he would turn into the gentle, kind-hearted person his mother actually taught him to be. But this only ever occurred in private. Y/N didn’t blame him. She knew he hated to let his emotions show in front of others so she never forced him to. That didn’t mean he didn’t parade her around school like the queen he thought she was though. And God help anyone who caused her any trouble.

“Is that so? I don’t think that was what you were thinking last night.” He winked at her, his usual smirk plastered across his face, as he pulled a grey vest over his toned chest. He walked over to the mirror and started messing with his hair. His phone chimed three times in succession on the bedside table. “Could you look at that?” His words were muffled slightly behind the comb he was holding between his teeth.

Y/N nodded before reaching across and disconnecting the phone from its charger. She sat back against the headboard as she turned it on. She completely ignored the messages that were from his friend Tommy and would most likely be about some kind of party, as she noticed a familiar picture set as his lock screen. He had taken it on the last day of school when they had gone to the retro diner just outside of town. She had been sat across from him with a chocolate milkshake and he had taken the photo when she wasn’t paying attention. She was looking out of the window at a cat that had situated itself on the hood of Billy’s blue ‘79 Camaro. There was a slight smile on her face as she gazed out at it. As far as candid’s went, she had to admit that this one was definitely good.

“Who is it?” Billy asked as he pulled the comb through his hair.

“Am I your lock screen?”

He words caught him off-guard as he cursed himself for forgetting he had changed it. “You weren’t supposed to see that.”

“Why?” She cocked her head to the side as he turned to face her.

“Because... I don’t know. It’s just...” He took a breath and sat on the edge of the bed, facing away from her.

She moved to kneel next to him and gently moved his chin so he was looking at her. “I love it. It’s actually a really good photo.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

He moved his hands to her waist and lifted her until she was straddling him. He moved her hair behind her ear before leaning forward and kissing her. She smiled into the kiss and she felt him do the same as his grip tightened on her waist. She pulled back to look at him before her eyes caught the clock on her bedside table.

“If you don’t get going, you’re going to be late.” She laughed and nodded in the direction of the clock.

He groaned and rested his forehead onto her shoulder. “Do I have to?”

“We’ve only got two weeks left until we can get out of here for good, so yes.” She smiled as she spoke and she felt his lips tug upwards against her shoulder.

“Fair enough.” He stood up quickly, causing her to squeal and lock her arms and legs around him. He chuckled as he placed her back down on the bed. “You coming by later?”

“Yeah, would kind of suck for me to get a swimming scholarship to be out of practice when we actually get there. I’ll stay until you finish so we can get something to eat after.” She flopped down onto her back and looked up at him as he smiled.

“That sounds perfect.”

2. Don't You Forget About Me

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N has to make Billy remember her or the mindflayer will kill her and Eleven. (angst)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Blood, violence, spoilers for season 3 episode

Y/N, Mike, El and Max made it to the front of Starcourt just in time to see Billy clambering out of his Camaro. The car was on fire and the yellow Cadillac Hopper had commandeered was next to it, also on fire. The station wagon was missing through so they had to assume that the other had made it out. The four of them had been separated from the others when the mindflayer fell through the roof of the mall. They managed to escape through the back of the Gap but now they had another problem.

Y/N's eyes traced Billy's form as he stood to his full height. There were tears streaming down his face but his jaw was locked. His white vest made his arms visible and the black lines crisscrossing across his skin stood out. The areas where his skin had broken when El pushed him out of the gym and from the crash had turned black. This wasn't her Billy. This wasn't the boy she knew and loved. The mindflayer had control of his mind and subsequently his body. But she knew the tears and the tortured look in his eyes meant that he was still in there; trapped in his own mind.

"Get back inside." Y/N turned and pushed the three kids back the other side of the loading gate that cut the loading dock off from the car park. Without thinking she slammed the close button; cutting herself off from the kids.

"No! Y/N!" El screamed and tried to get out of Mike and Max's grasp.

"Get back inside! Go!" Y/N screamed as she turned and ran. She had trapped herself with Billy but all that mattered was keeping the kids

safe. She would never forgive herself if something happened to them.

She darted through the main entrance into the mall and froze. Her eyes darted around, looking for somewhere to go. The neon lights of the shops were still glistening brightly but the main lighting was all out. It gave the mall and eerie glow. She was trying not to panic as tears ran down her cheeks and her shoulder burned. The mindflayer had grabbed onto it when it had tried to take El back at the cabin. The wound had reopened with all the fighting and running; she could feel the blood running down her back and soaking her shirt. She caught sight of a service door and bolted for it as she heard the door behind her open. Her blood ran cold as Billy's voice echoed around the empty mall.

"There's no where to hide! We will find you!" Billy didn't even sound like himself. There was an edge to his voice; like his voice consisted of multiple versions of him speaking at once.

Y/N's footsteps echoed through the empty corridor as she ran. The pain in her shoulder was slowing her down. She lost track of how many corners she turned before she realised her mistake. She hit the end of a corridor and threw open the door at the end. It was a storage room and there was no other exit. A sob escaped her chest as her breathing became more ragged. From the running or the panic clawing at her chest she didn't know. She couldn't fight him without hurting or even killing him. She had trapped herself with no where to go, no one to turn to and little hope of help coming.

Billy was limping as he rounded the corner. His hair hung in his face and the black lines in his skin seemed to become more pronounced as he realised she had nowhere to go.

"Billy?" Her voice broke as tears streamed down her face. She turned to face him, taking small steps backwards as he got closer. "Billy, it's me. I know you can hear me. Please, you can fight him. Please, you have to. I can't hurt you; he knows that. Billy, he'll kill me." Her sobs got louder as her back hit the wall. She had no where left to go. "Billy, please."

"He's not here." With that, his hand wrapped around her throat and lifted her off the floor.

She clawed at his hand and kicked out as he slammed her head back into the wall. The last thing she saw before losing consciousness was those all too familiar blue eyes and all the pain hidden behind them.

Billy released his grip on her throat as she went limp under him. He knelt down and let her fall over his shoulder before he stood up. He made his way back to the food court in the centre of the mall. The mindflayer was already waiting for them. He shifted her into his arms before placing her on the floor. He knelt down, his knees either side of her hips as she started to come around.

Y/N groaned as her vision started to return. Her skull throbbed painfully against the tiled ground beneath her. Her eyes focused on the mindflayer above her and she tried to get up. Billy gripped her shoulders and slammed her back into the floor. She screamed as she felt her shoulder tear open further. Sobs racked through her body as Billy bent down next to her ear.

“Don’t worry, it’ll be over soon. Just try to stay very still.” His voice was eerily calm and it sent chills down her spine. He sat back up and went to get up as the mindflayer shot a tendril towards her.

She shot out her hand and screamed. The fire emerging from her arm connected to the tendril and the mindflayer shrieked and stumbled back. It shifted as if to come towards them again but an explosion ripped through the silence right next to it. Lucas had managed to rig together the fireworks they had stolen and the others were all throwing them towards the mindflayer from the top level of the mall. The mindflayer shrieked at them all and tried to dodge the hits but there were too many.

Y/N made the mistake of forgetting that Billy was still with her. He pulled her forward by her shirt and slammed her back into the ground. It caused another scream to rip from her throat as her hands shot to his shoulders to try and push him off. She knew it was futile. His muscle mass was much higher than hers so she knew she wouldn’t be able to break his grip. Her chest heaved from the breaths she managed to take in between sobs as she looked up at him.

“Billy, you promised, remember. You promised you’d never hurt me. We were sat in your car, by the quarry.” Y/N shifted one of her hands

from his arm to his face as he looked at her with what seemed like recognition. "You told me about your mom, about your dad and all about California. You said you'd take me there. To see the water that was so blue it didn't look real." Tears were running down his cheeks now as the black lines in his skin started to fade. "And I told you about my childhood. Not all of it, because Hopper would've killed me, but enough so that you would understand. You told me that you loved me, promised you'd always protect me, and I said it back. You looked so happy. You were happy."

Billy screwed his eyes shut as the tears ran down his cheeks and dropped down his nose onto Y/N's chest. The black lines had completely faded now and she knew it was her Billy looking back at her. He fell off of her so he was sitting on the floor and put his head in his hands. She sat up carefully and moved over to him.

"I'm sorry." He sobbed into his hands as she sat in front of him.

"It's not your fault, it..."

El's scream cut her off. "Y/N!"

Y/N only just turned in time. She lifted her hands and let the fire course through her. The mindlayer shrieked and tried to move back but she didn't let up, sitting up onto her knees. She screamed with the effort as the others kept throwing fireworks. She was running out of energy and the others were running out of fireworks when the mindlayer collapsed to the floor.

Y/N's strength left her as she fell backwards but Billy was already waiting. He caught her against his chest and held her against him as they both continued crying. She clutched onto his arms around her as she turned and buried her face in his neck. The blood from her shoulder was starting to stain his white vest but he didn't care. He just buried his face into her hair and cried with her. Neither of them moved as Max, El and Mike appeared in front of them.

"Are you okay?" Max asked as they heard the doors open and the army began to sweep through the mall.

Neither of them answered, they just nodded. They were finally safe.

Everything was going to be okay.

3. Light My Fire

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N gets stuck with a very clingy drunk Billy at a start of summer party. (fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Underage drinking

Y/N was never really a big fan of parties. Sure, they could be good to get rid of pent up stress at the start of each school holiday, but they were mostly full of drunk teenagers and therefore held all of the problems associated with that. She never really got the appeal of alcohol, it all tasted horrible and she hated the way it made her feel. Her friends didn't mind though, it gave them someone who could be designated driver. She didn't mind because it meant she could make sure they all got home safe.

Tonight though, her other friend Julia wasn't drinking so she had driven the usual gang to Tina's start of summer bash. The house was decked out like always, streamers hung around the room, the kitchen sides teaming with drinks and a collection of kegs in the back garden. Some people were already very drunk and were hanging off each other in the middle of the living room as the latest anthems blared from Tina's state of the art speaker system.

Y/N wove through the crowd to make her way outside after a pit stop in the kitchen to grab a coke. Tommy H and few others from his gang were holding Billy upside down over the keg. She had never seen him do a keg stand this early in the night but she guessed it was so he could beat his own record before getting too drunk. His hair was hanging above him, the curls catching the last of the sun's rays. His blue button up was completely open and was subsequently hanging around his head as he hung upside down. Y/N had to bite her lip as her eyes ran across the taunt muscles in his arms as he held some of his weight himself.

There was a round of cheers as he dropped back to the floor and

through his hands up in the air. He had managed to beat his record by five seconds and that was good enough for him. Someone shoved a cup of whatever tonight's punch was and he knocked it back in one, cringing slightly at the amount of spirits. He smirked wickedly as he met Y/N's eyes, immediately making a beeline to where she was stood. Her eyes were glued to the drops meandering down his tan chest as he walked over. Alcohol always made him more impulsive and as soon as he reached her, he pulled her into a bruising kiss. She cringed as she tasted the beer and spirits on his tongue and gently pushed him off.

"Hey honey." His hand slipped into her back pocket as he tugged her against him, eyes dragging down her bare legs in her denim short and the floral blouse that hugged her chest just right.

"Starting a bit early, aren't we?" She didn't even realise she was straightening his shirt collar; it was just a habit that came naturally now.

"Just wanted to make sure I kept my title."

She shook her head with a laugh as she downed the rest of her coke. She freed herself from his grip and walked back into the kitchen to grab another. Billy followed her like a lost puppy. It appeared clingy drunk Billy had made an appearance tonight and she thanked god he had. She didn't want to deal with angry or moody drunk Billy, or even worse, sad drunk Billy.

Billy pushed his chest up against her back as she faced the counter, pouring another drink. His hands rested on the counter either side of her hips, caging her in, as his head rested on her shoulder. "Give me attention." The pout was evident in his voice. "Honey." He drew out the y against her ear as she kept her attention on the bottle she was pouring from.

"I'm too sober for this." She laughed as he pressed himself harder against her, effectively trapping her against the side.

Billy snorted. "You don't even drink."

"Maybe I should start." She managed to twist in his grip to face him.

He shook his head with a smile on his face, looking at the floor. He still didn't move backwards though, keeping her trapped against the side. She squealed as his hands moved to her thighs and he hoisted her up onto the side, barely missing the drink she had just poured. His hands moved back to rest against the side as her hands wound around his neck. They stayed like that for a while, just enjoying each other's company, Billy pressing kisses all over her face and neck.

"You're very clingy tonight." She commented as she ran her fingers through the hair at the base of his neck.

He hummed. "Missed you." A lopsided grin found its way onto his face.

"You saw me this morning." She giggled as he lent into her touch.

"Too long ago."

She could tell he was losing the ability to form coherent sentences. "I think it's time we went home."

"Don't want to go home." He dropped his head into the crook of her neck and groaned.

Y/N caught Julia's eye across the room and motioned that they were leaving. Julia nodded in understanding as Y/N turned back to Billy. "My house, sweetheart. We can go back to mine."

He nodded against her and she managed to jump off the side. She gripped his hand in hers as she walked them out of the house, saying a few goodbyes as they went. She stopped as they reached the end of the drive, glancing up and down the street for the Camaro. She caught sight of it a few cars down to the left and made a beeline for it.

Billy was singing a Talking Heads song under his breath as they reached the car. She couldn't help but smile as she shook her head lightly.

"Billy, where are your keys?"

"Somewhere?" He seemed to be asking her. She huffed and slipped

her hand into his front pocket. “If you wanted me that badly you could just ask?” He slipped a hand into her hair and licked his lips.

“Not gonna happen right now.” She pulled the keys from his pocket before opening the door and helping him in.

He fumbled with the seatbelt as she climbed into the driver’s seat. A whine left his throat as his drink addled brain couldn’t figure it out. Y/N bit her lip to stop herself laughing before she reached over and tugged it out of his grip. She secured it in place before fastening her own.

“I love you, but you better not crash my car.” He was trying to sound stern but the smile on his face ruined it.

She laughed and threw the car into gear. “Wouldn’t dream of it.”

The drive to her house didn’t take long, but she kept glancing over at him every few minutes. She knew he would never forgive her if she let him throw up in his precious Camaro. He was gazing out of the window with a dopey smile on his face, his eyes glazed over. She couldn’t keep the smile off her face as she pulled into her driveway. It was empty but it was date night for her parents so she knew they would be back late.

She put the car in park before climbing out and walking around to the passenger’s side. She opened the door and Billy pretty much fell out of the car. She gripped one of his biceps as his other hand shot out to steady himself on the door. It appeared whatever was in the punch had finally caught up to him. He mumbled something inaudible as she pulled him to his feet and ushered him inside. It took far too long to get him up the stairs and the dopey smile still wouldn’t leave his face.

“Right,” She sat him on the edge pf the bed. “you wait here and I’ll grab you some water and painkillers for the morning.”

“No, stay with me.” He whined like a child and grabbed at her hips but she took a step back.

“I’ll be right back.” She walked down the hall to the bathroom and

grabbed the stuff as quickly as she could.

When she walked back in, he was laying on the floor, his jeans around his thighs. He looked up as she walked in, a guilty look on his face. “I fell off the bed.”

Y/n couldn’t help the laugh that left her lips. “I can see that.” She placed the glass and tablets on the side before she knelt down next to him. She reached over and untied his boots as he gazed up at her. “You really are a train wreck, sweetheart.”

“I’m your train wreck though. You’re stuck with me now.” He lifted his hips so she could tug his jeans off his legs. He pushed himself up against her bed and pulled her towards him.

“Yeah, I know.” She smiled and pressed a quick kiss to his lips. He chased her lips as she pulled back. “C’mon, let’s get you in bed.”

He practically collapsed under the covers after she pulled off his button up. She chuckled as she changed into a pair of cotton shorts and one of his old t-shirts. She climbed in next to him and he didn’t waste any time wrapping her in his arms. She brushed her fingers through his hair as he buried his face in the crook of her neck.

“Night, Billy.” She pressed a kiss to his temple.

His lips tugged into a smile. “Night, honey.”

4. Good Old Fashioned Lover Boy

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N and Billy make it to California but they run into some unsavoury characters on San Diego pier. For @staticscreenwriting 300 writing challenge. (angst, fluff)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Language, some guys being creeps, fighting, minor sexual assault (not explicit)

“You can’t tell anyone about this, okay? It could ruin my whole reputation.” Billy smiled as he tugged Y/N closer to him by the belt loops in her denim shorts. He was leaning back on a picnic bench on the San Diego pier, looking up at her with hooded eyes. Her baggy shirt was moving in the gentle breeze and his shirt was unbuttoned as per usual. But unlike usual he was dressed in a pair of shorts. They were beach shorts, but shorts none the less. She was clutching a medium sized dolphin soft toy to her chest. He won it on one of the stupid throw the ball in the hole games and presented it to her like it was the most important thing in the world. She had giggled and kissed him before taking it from him.

Y/N laughed. “What reputation? We don’t go to high school anymore, dipshit.”

“Still, can’t let the world know I’ve gone soft.” The light from the setting sun was catching in his curls, turning the dirty blond a golden colour. It framed his face, highlighting his tan skin perfectly. Relaxed and laid back like this, with a soft smile on his face, he looked ethereal.

“I’m hungry. Let’s get some food.” She slipped her hand into his and pulled him back towards the main part of the pier.

There weren’t many people here now that summer was coming to a close. A few tourists and locals aimlessly wandered between the

different stands. Billy made a beeline for the hotdog stand and ordered two while Y/N let her eyes wander all around them. San Diego was everything Billy promised it would be. Clear skies, clearer ocean and breath-taking scenery. It was paradise; their own slice of heaven. Part of her still missed Hawkins though. She didn't know why. It wasn't like she would have had a future if she had stayed, at least in California she might be able to make something of herself. She supposed she missed her friends, and her family, and the familiarity of everything. San Diego was new and she nearly got lost looking for the shops every time they ran out of milk. She insisted on going alone though which meant that Billy had taken to writing the apartments phone number on her arm so she could call him to come and find her when she inevitably took a wrong turn.

"Y/N?" Billy pulled her out of her thoughts. He was holding out one of the hot dogs for her to take, a look of concern on his face.

She smiled at him as she took the hot dog. "Thanks, want to go sit somewhere?"

"I know a place." He held a hand out to her. She placed the dolphin in the curve of her arm that was holding the hotdog, before she took his hand and he led them down the steps at the side of the pier onto the beach below.

He led them almost all the way to the shoreline before he sat down in the sand. He patted the space in between his legs as an invitation for her to sit. She sat down and he wrapped an arm around her waist to pull her back against his chest. They ate in silence as they watched the sun sink lower in the sky. When they had both finished, she lent her head back onto his shoulder and he pressed a kiss to her temple. He threaded his fingers through hers, resting their hands on the dolphin that was now resting in her lap. He couldn't keep the smile off his face. He was finally back in front of the ocean, away from his shitty dad, with the girl he loved resting against his chest. The last time he had sat on this beach he would never have guessed that he would make it out of his dad's grasp, let alone fall in love.

When the sun had dropped behind the horizon they got up and dusted the sand off of each other. Billy's hands lingered a little too long on her bare legs, causing him to shove his shoulder and nearly

sent him falling back into the sand. Y/N managed to push the dolphin into her bag so she had both hands free. They were back on the pier thinking about getting something to drink when Y/N noticed Billy's entire demeanour shift. He stopped dead on the spot and pushed her behind him.

"Well, well, well. Billy fucking Hargrove. You've got some nerve coming back here." The boy that spoke looked about their age with dark hair styled in a very badly cut mullet. His nose was crooked, as if it had been badly broken. There were three other guys stood with him, all with similar hair cuts. None of them looked like they were dressed for the warm weather.

Billy felt Y/N's hand close around his right arm as he tried to keep her mostly out of sight. Why wouldn't the world just let him be happy for once? Why did there always have to be something else thrown in his path?

"Michael." Billy subconsciously stood up to his full height.

"What, no greetings for us lot?" Michael clasped his hands over his heart in mock hurt as the other boys mimicked him.

Billy almost growled. "What do you want?"

"Can't we just want to catch up? I mean it has been over a year. How's that little sister of yours?" That earned collection of laughs from the other three boys.

"Mind your fucking business, Michael." If Y/N hadn't been gripping his arm so tight he would have launched himself at the other boy. But he knew how that would end.

"Billy, let's just go." Y/N's voice was small but it drew Michael's attention to her for the first time.

"What do we have here? Don't think I've seen you around her before, hot stuff." Michaels eyes trailed down her bare legs with a look of almost hunger on his face. It sent a feeling running down her back, as if someone had dropped ice into her shirt.

"Back off, Michael." Billy growled as Y/N's grip on his arm tightened,

showing him how uncomfortable she was. She didn't know what these boys wanted, or how they knew Billy, but she knew it wasn't going to end well.

"My, my, Billy Hargrove defending a girl. She must be a hell of a fuck." Michael laughed as Billy's hands formed fists. "Or you've finally fallen for a nice girl. But the fact that she's still with you probably means that she doesn't know the real reason you left California. You see hot stuff—" Michael didn't have time to prepare for Billy's fist connecting with his nose.

They all heard the crunch of the bone before Billy pulled the other boy up by his jacket and slammed him backwards into the railing. Michael just laughed and brought his knee up into Billy's groin. Billy doubled over in pain and stumbled back.

"Billy!" Y/N went to run to him but one of the other boys caught her around the waist and pulled her back, directly into his chest.

"Let them finish it, alright, sweet cheeks." He laughed in her ear as she tried to get out of his grip. "We could have some fun while they're working it out." His voice made her blood run cold and she momentarily froze as his hands started exploring her body.

Michael had managed to connect a punch with Billy's jaw, but Billy blocked his next attack and punched him in the stomach. Billy landed one last punch on Michael's face that sent the other boy to the floor.

"She's gonna want to know now, Hargrove." Michael laughed as he spat blood out of his mouth.

Y/N managed to elbow the boy that was holding her in the stomach. He released his grip on her and doubled over in pain before she landed a kick in his groin. He fell to the floor groaning in pain. She screamed when another set of arms wrapped around her waist.

"Hey, it's me. It's just me. Let's get out of here." Billy held her against him as he lent down and picked her bag off of the floor. A small crowd of people had formed but they easily pushed their way through. She was pretty much limp in his grip as he set her in the passenger seat of the Camaro. The tears were streaming down her

cheeks as she struggled to get the seatbelt into the buckle. Billy reached over from the driver's side and slide it in for her.

They had only been driving about ten minutes when she told him to pull over. She threw off the seat belt and made it about four steps from the car before she falling to her knees and throwing up. She stayed in the same position on the floor, breathing heavily, until she felt a hand on her waist. She yelped and fell backwards away from Billy. She pulled her knees up to her chest and buried her head into her knees as Billy looked at her with hurt and confusion. She knew it was just Billy, knew he would never hurt her, but she could still feel the other guys hands running over her body.

“Y/N?” Billy’s voice was softer than normal.

She looked up and saw he was holding out a bottle of water and a pack of mints. She took them both from him before taking a gulp of water and taking two mints from the packet. Her eyes glanced over the damage to his face. His lip was split and a bruise was forming on his jaw.

“What did he mean?” Y/N moved her gaze up to meet his crystal blue irises that seemed to be shining with tears. “The real reason you left California?”

Billy hung his head, a few tears slipping down his cheeks. “It was an accident. I-I was supposed to be dropping Max off at this kid’s birthday party. I was angry that my dad was treating me like a taxi, with no regard for the fact that I already had plans. It was stupid. There was this-this party on the beach. I thought what could go wrong.” He laughed but it held no humour and looked towards the night sky. “I just drove straight to the beach, told Max to stay in the car. She didn’t, she never did. I was doing a keg stand and when they brought me down, I noticed she wasn’t there anymore.” He was starting to shake now, the tears were flowing down his cheeks much faster.

“So, I went looking for her and I found her under the pier. Michael and the guys, they had her cornered. Jake was holding her board. I can’t remember what they were saying. She was terrified, backed up against the wall. I stepped in between them and Michael said

something and I just saw red. By the time the other guys pulled me off..." He trailed off and pushed a hand into his hair. He still kept his gaze on the grass beneath them. "You thought Steve was bad last Christmas. I put Michael in the hospital. He was in a coma for three days. His dad threatened to take legal action and my dad had the chance at the job in Hawkins, so moving was the compromise.

"It was my fault. I left her on her own, like I did with you tonight, so that Jake could...Everything I did was to protect YOU, and Max, and I couldn't do either right. I'm sorry, for tonight, and for not telling you. God, all I ever do is fuck things up." He buried his hands into his hair and tugged roughly at his curls.

"We all fuck up, Billy." Her voice was small as she hesitantly reached over and removed one of his hands from his hair before lacing her fingers through his.

"Not like this." His bloodshot eyes met her own. "If Michael had got the upper hand, what do you think they would have done? I put you in danger. We should have just walked away like you said. I never learn. All the fighting ever does is get me in deeper shit."

Y/N didn't know what to say. He took his hand back as sobs racked through his body, causing his shoulders to shake. She had never seen him like this. There were a few times that had come close, when his dad had nearly taken it far enough to put him in the hospital.

"Can- can we just go home?" Y/n's voice broke as she spoke.

"Yeah, yeah. Let's go." He got to his feet and dusted off his jeans before offering her his hand. She took it and let him pull her up. Her legs still felt like jelly and she had to grab his arm to prevent herself from falling straight back to the ground. "You good?"

She just nodded and he opened the passenger side door. He helped her inside before walking around the other side and getting in himself. He crossed his arms across the steering wheel and rested his forehead on them. They sat there in silence for a few minutes before he wiped a hand over his face and gunned the engine. The Camaro roared to life before he pulled back out onto the road and carried on driving home.

“I... I know you don’t want me to, but... I miss home.” Her voice was so small, he almost didn’t catch it.

“Y/N,” He paused, considering his next words carefully. “your feelings are your own, as are your decisions. Don’t ever put me before them. If you want to go back... back to Hawkins, honey, I’ll drive you there now. I don’t want to keep you somewhere you don’t want to be.”

“I didn’t mean that. I just... I don’t know. I don’t know.” The tears started streaming down her cheeks again. She didn’t know what she wanted. She didn’t want to go back to Hawkins, but she didn’t want to stay here knowing that at any moment they could run back into Michael and his gang.

“Hey, don’t cry.” Billy removed a hand from the steering wheel and laced her fingers with his. “We’ll figure something out okay. I don’t know what, but we will. I promise. Let’s just sleep on it, alright? And we can figure stuff out in the morning.”

She nodded and clasped his hand between both of hers, her gaze falling to out of the window.

It didn’t take long to reach the apartment building. Billy threw the car into park before jumping out and walking around to the passenger side. He opened the door and helped her out before grabbing her bag that he had thrown on the back seat. The dolphin soft toy was sticking out of the top of her bag and he locked his jaw at the sight of it. He didn’t understand how every time he was actually happy something had to get in the way.

Y/N didn’t let go of his hand until they were inside the apartment. It was tiny and wasn’t in the best shape but it was theirs and that was all that mattered.

“Do you need any help?” She gestured to his chin, which had now started to turn a lovely shade of purple.

“No, I’ve got it. You jump in the shower.” He pressed a kiss to her temple before walking into the kitchen and pulling out the first aid supplies.

Y/N turned the shower to the highest temperature before stepping in. The scalding water ran down her skin, burning as it went but she didn't care. She just needed to get the feeling of that guys hands off of her. She didn't stay in long, knowing Billy would be waiting. She wrapped herself in a towel and brushed her teeth. She walked out to find him sat on the edge of the bed. He had laid her a pair of sleeping shorts and her favourite of his metallic t-shirts on the bed. She smiled softly as he pressed a kiss to her forehead before walking into the bathroom she had just vacated. She pulled the clothes on before climbing under the covers and facing the middle of the bed. It wasn't the comfiest of beds but they made do.

Billy had always been fast in the shower. It wasn't long until he was climbing in next to her. He kept his distance, facing her, unsure how close she wanted him. She answered his question for him as she rested her head on his bare chest, beneath his chin. He gently wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her flush against him. One of her arms looped over his side while the other rested over his necklace. She could feel his heartbeat slow down beneath her finger tips as he pressed a kiss to her hairline.

"San Francisco might be nice." Her breath fanned over his chest as she talked.

"Yeah, it might be. We'll look tomorrow. Just get some sleep, honey." He tightened his grip on her.

"Billy?"

He hummed; she felt his chest vibrate against her.

"I love you."

"I love you too." He wondered how he had ever got so lucky.

5. All the Things She Said

Summary for the Chapter:

Y/N and Billy move to San Diego following college and run into his mom. Billy has some difficult decisions to make. (angst, fluff, gets kinda steamy)

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings: Mentions of abuse, language, gets kinda steamy at one point but nothing explicit

As far as Y/N was concerned, this was paradise. The sun beating down from the bright, blue sky; the warm, golden sand between her toes; the sound of the waves gently breaking on the shore; the mild Californian breeze cooling her burning skin. The salt water in her hair was dripping down her back even though the rest of her had dried off in the heat almost immediately after she left the water. She was sat on her pale blue beach towel, leaning back on her hands, legs spread in front of her. Her red bikini complimented her skin perfectly. It had earned her quite a few glances throughout the morning, which a certain someone wasn't too pleased about. Her matching red sunglasses were resting on the towel next to her, unneeded as her eyes were closed as she soaked up the warmth from the sun.

She opened them however, as a shadow fell over her, blocking out the sunlight. She playfully glared at the figure above her. The water dripping from his blond curls, running down his bare chest. His red board shorts standing out against his tan skin and reminding her of his lifeguarding days.

"You're blocking my sun." She stated, unable to hold the glare, breaking into a smile instead.

Billy dropped his surfboard at her feet, next to her diving equipment, before flopping down on his front next to her on the towel. "That better." He looked up at her through his lashes with a relaxed smile on his face.

“Much better.” She replied, grabbing her sunglasses and placing them over her eyes to reduce the suns glare now her eyes were open. She laid down on her back next to him and ran her fingers through his wet hair. He lent into her touch as he rested a hand on her bare stomach. His fingers began to trace patterns across her skin as his eyes fluttered closed. She hummed in content as she closed her own eyes again. They stayed like that, just enjoying the sun, until the salt water had finally evaporated from their hair.

“Wanna grab some lunch?” Billy asked as he got to his feet, stretching out his muscles as he did so.

“Yeah.” Y/N said taking his outstretched hand and letting him pull her to her feet. She brushed the sand off her legs before reaching down and pulling her swimsuit cover over her head. She threw Billy his shirt and sunglasses before shaking the sand off the towel. As always, Billy didn’t bother with the buttons, just letting the shirt hang open. He reached down and grabbed his board as she folded the towel over her arm before taking her hand.

It was a short walk back to their house from the beach, which was the whole reason that they had decided to buy it out of all the houses they had been to visit. Well, that and its location away from the main tourist spots so that they still had peace and quiet. It meant they could spend their weekends down at the beach, Billy surfing and Y/N free diving, and were still close enough to the nightlife. It was a small two story with three bedrooms (although one was so small it was only really functional as an office) and you could see the ocean out of the window of the master bedroom. It was small and sweet and completely theirs. It was a bit outside their price range though which meant they had to ask for help. Y/N’s parents had stepped in to help them buy it to set them up after college. Both of them had jobs already set up in San Diego so her parents weren’t too worried about the young couple not being able to pay them back.

The Camaro was parked in the driveway (Billy’s sentimental attachment far too great for him to even consider selling her), the sun glinting off of the immaculate, blue paintwork. They walked past her, up the drive and Y/N unlocked the front door. She handed Billy her dive stuff before walking through the hall into the kitchen and throwing the towel straight into the washing machine for later. Billy

walked through the inside door to the garage and placed the surfboard and dive equipment back in their designated spots. He had initially wanted to keep the Camaro inside the garage but they quickly realised they had far too much stuff to put in there so there was no room for a car.

“What do you fancy?” Billy asked, as Y/N locked up after they both walked back outside.

“Tacos?” She suggested as he laced his fingers through hers and they set off back towards the seafront.

“Sounds good.” Billy said as he started walking in the direction of their favourite taco place by the beach.

They ordered to take-away and ate sat on the wall at edge of the beach, laughing, joking and enjoying each other’s company. When they finished, Y/N laid herself down on the wall, her head in Billy’s lap. He laced one of his hands with hers as he lent back on the other. It was times like this that they both realised how lucky they were to have made it out of Hawkins, especially in one piece. Most of their friends from school were still stuck in the town essentially doing what their parents and grandparents had done before them. Instead Billy and Y/N had made it out, and that meant were free to do what they wanted and live their lives to the fullest.

“Want to go to the market? Pick some stuff up for dinner?” Y/N asked, looking up at Billy through her sunglasses.

“Yeah, what you thinking about making?”

“Chicken and mushroom risotto.” She smiled up at him with her tongue between her teeth.

He returned the smile. “My favourite.”

The market was another short walk away, meaning it didn’t take them long to get there. Billy watched Y/N with a smile on his face as she danced around picking out all the ingredients she needed from the various stalls. She was at home in the market’s chaos; easily gliding between the groups of people from one stall to another. Billy

stayed by the café in the middle, sipping on his ice tea, keeping his eyes trained on her from afar. Cooking and shopping in the market were her anxiety and stress relievers. It calmed her down better than anything else she had ever tried. Billy never got it; cooking gave him anxiety and large crowds of people put him on edge. He was terrified of messing something up, adding the wrong ingredient or burning something. He supposed that was one of the things left over from his father.

“Right, I’ve got everything.” Y/N skipped back over to him, several shopping bags in hand. He watched her with a smile on his face. He threw an arm over her shoulders as they turned to leave.

“Let’s head home then...” His voice trailed off and his smile vanished as he met an all too familiar pair of eyes. His eyes. The eyes that had haunted him every time he closed his eyes for years. He froze dead on the spot as those eyes met his, Y/N halting next to him as she noticed his shift in demeanour. Her eyes following his gaze to the woman stood about two metres away from them.

“Billy?” There was a mix of emotions in the woman’s voice; sadness, shock, and fear? Y/N couldn’t tell because there seemed to be so many underlying her tone.

Billy was frozen, his silence giving her the answer she was looking for. He didn’t think, if they ever met again, she would recognise him. Thought he had changed too much for her to realise it was him. That too much time had passed since they had seen one another. His eyes started to burn as tears started to build along his water lines and he fought to stop them falling.

She had hardly changed at all. Her blonde hair was streaked with grey and she had a few more lines around her eyes. Other than that, she was the same. All the words he had ever wanted to say, ever planned to say, to her caught in his throat as his chest started to contract. So, he did the only thing he could think to do. He turned and ran. Leaving both her and Y/N staring after him.

“Billy!” Y/N’s voice rang out, but for the first time since he had met her, he ignored her.

“Go on then! Run like you always do!”

His dad’s words echoed though his head as he came to a stop around the corner and lent against the wall. He scrunched his eyes shut to try and banish his dad from his head. He rested his hands on his knees as the tears escaped down his cheeks and he tried to get his breathing in check. Panic was clawing up his throat in a way that it hadn’t since the night him and Y/N had left Hawkins.

Y/N went to follow after Billy when the woman caught her arm. The shock and confusion on Y/N’s face as she turned back around was enough to make the woman release her grip.

“Wait, just one moment, please.” The woman pleaded as she searched through her bag. She seemed on the edge of breakdown.

“I don’t- who are you?” Y/N asked, much harsher than she meant to but she was just so confused.

The woman refused to meet Y/N’s eyes. “I- I’m Billy’s mom.”

It was then that Y/N saw the resemblance. The hair, the nose and the eyes, especially with the tears that were beginning to form. Even the way she seemed to hold herself now she was faced with an impossible situation.

“You- you left him. With that monster. With Neil.” Y/N choked on her words and found herself stumbling back a few steps. The woman in front of her hardly looked like the kind of person who would abandon her ten-year-old with an abusive asshole. She looked sweet and caring, yet what she had done was unforgivable.

“It’s the worst decision I ever made. There’s nothing I regret more.” A few of the tears escaped down her cheeks as she scribbled something down on the piece of paper she had managed to pull out of her bag. She held it out to Y/N, who took it with a shaking hand. “Can you give him this? Just in case. I know he probably wants nothing to do with me but...” She trailed off as more tears ran down her cheeks.

Y/N looked at the number and address scrawled onto the paper. “Yeah, I will.” Y/N nodded. She shoved the paper in one of the

shopping bags before turning on her heels and setting off in the direction Billy had bolted. He was leaning up against a wall around the corner, eyes screwed shut, head down, hands on his knees. A few older women were stood across the street shooting him sympathetic glances and probably wondering if they should walk across to him and see what was wrong.

“Billy?” She placed the shopping bags on the floor next to him as she stood in front of him. He didn’t look up, just reached out blindly and grabbed hold of her hips. He tugged her forward and buried his head in her stomach. She carded her finger through his hair and whispered reassurances to him as his breathing started to calm down.

“Let’s go home and have a shower, and then I’ll cook dinner and we can just chill, yeah?” Y/N said as she pressed a kiss to the top of his head.

He nodded against her before standing up. She moved her hands from his hair to his face and used her thumbs to brush away his tears. She smiled softly at him and he tried to return it but it didn’t quite meet his eyes. He pressed his lips to her forehead and just held her against him for a moment before reaching down and picking the bags off the floor. He grasped her hand in his as they set off home.

Y/N woke up to darkness. It took her several moments to realise there was a storm raging outside that had woken her up. The wind was howling and the rain lashing against the windows. It was rare that they got storms at this point on the coast but when they did, the storms were violent and often very dangerous. This one didn’t sound too bad though. Since they had moved here, she had heard much worse. She glanced at the clock and saw that it was two A.M. That caused her to reach out to Billy’s side of the bed with the intention of going back to sleep. Only it was empty and all the warmth had already seeped out of the sheets.

She sat up and glanced around the room in confusion. Billy never had trouble sleeping. He was out like a light and usually a nightmare to try to wake up in a morning. The more she thought about how she had never woken up to find him missing, the more worried she got.

She swung her legs out of bed and shivered slightly as the cool air hit her. She was only wearing a pair of sleep shorts and one of Billy's t-shirts because it was normally too hot to sleep in anything else. But tonight the storm had caused the temperature to drop meaning it was a lot colder than usual.

Her bare feet padded along the carpet as she walked out into the hallway. She could see a light on in the kitchen so she carefully descended the stairs. She blinked several times in a row to clear the black spots out of her vision as she walked into the brightly lit kitchen. Billy was sat at the table with his back to her, still shirtless and only clad in a pair of boxer shorts. There was a glass of water and a piece of paper on the table in front of him. She quickly realised the paper was what his mom had handed her. Y/N had given it to him after they had finished eating dinner. He seemed conflicted as she did so and had almost had another panic attack. That caused her to take it from him and place it in the top kitchen drawer where they kept random stuff that they didn't have another home for.

"Why are you awake and down here?" He jumped slightly at the sound of her voice but relaxed as she wrapped her arms around his shoulders and pressed her lips to the bare skin of his shoulder. His skin was cold to the touch telling her he had been down here a while.

"Couldn't sleep." He had been crying again. She could tell by the roughness of his voice. His hand moved up and pulled her in front of him before pulling her down so she was sitting sideways across his thighs. One of his arms wrapped around her back to stop her falling as his other hand rested on her thigh, his thumb rubbing circles into her skin. She wrapped one arm around his shoulders, her hand moving to mess with the curls at the nape of his neck, as she moved the other up to his face. His eyes fluttered shut as she ran her thumb traced over his cheekbone and he pulled her closer to him.

"You wanna talk about it?" Her voice was hushed as she felt as though they were repeating the past. This seemed too familiar to when he used to come over after a bad night with his dad.

"I don't know what to do." He scrunched his eyes shut and lent into her hand.

She rested her head on his shoulder and pressed her lips to his jaw. “Whatever you choose, whatever you want to do, I’m here for you.”

“If I go see her, will you...” He trailed off as he looked down at her. “Go with me? I’ll need you to hold my hand.”

“Of course.” She sat up and moved so she was straddling his lap, his hands moving to her hips. “Anything you need.” She ran one of her hands through his hair as he lent his forehead against hers. Her other hand rested on the St Christopher pendant lying on his chest, before moving to trace the scar along his collarbone. One a parting gift from his mother, the other a parting gift from his father.

“Where would I be without you?” He opened his eyes to meet hers, the blue shining in the light.

“Probably still here, just staying in a shitty apartment and spending all your time surfing.” She smiled.

He chuckled, moving one of his hands to move the hair out of her face. “You’re probably right.” He pulled her forwards and pressed his lips against hers softly.

“Come back to bed.” She asked as they pulled apart.

“Yeah.” He nodded before standing up. She let out a noise of surprise as she locked her legs around his waist.

“You’re gonna drop me one day.” She laughed into his neck as his grip on her tightened.

He shook his head and laughed. “Wouldn’t dream of it.” He walked back up the stairs, after turning off the light, with her still clinging to him like a koala.

He laid her down on the bed and she pulled him down with her, connecting their lips. It started off innocent enough but with Billy, nothing ever stayed innocent for long. A sharp tug on her hair caused her to gasp so he could deepen the kiss, his hands starting to drift up her (his) shirt, until they were splayed over her ribcage. She pulled away from him to catch her breath and he nipped at her bottom lip before moving down to her throat. One of her hands tangled in his

hair as she wrapped her legs back around his waist and dragged her fingernails down his bare back.

“You’re gonna be the death of me, baby girl.” He groaned against her skin before pulling her shirt over her head.

“Hey, breathe.” Y/N reached across and pried one of Billy’s hands off the Camaro’s steering wheel.

His knuckles were white as he gripped it. His eyes were trained on the small bungalow in front of them. It was nothing special, just a two bedroom with wooden panelling down the side and white paint above it. There was a station wagon in the drive that was an awful beige colour. It was further out in the suburbs than their house. The prefect place to raise a family. Or run away to abandon one. His mom’s new house. Well, it wasn’t that new anymore, she had lived here for longer than she had shared a roof with Billy.

Y/N had called ahead to tell her they were going to stop by. Billy had tried first. She had come home from work to find him sat on the kitchen floor surrounded by the remnants of the phone. She wasn’t mad, she had to assure him more than once, it was the first violent outburst he had in years. Also, it wasn’t aimed at another human being so she wasn’t too bothered. The therapist he had seen in college had helped; he learnt to work through his issues and walk away from fights. She could deal with one broken phone.

That was four days ago. Now, it had been a week since they had run into his mom at the market and Billy still didn’t know what he was going to say to her. A dozen different things he wanted to say were rushing through his mind as he looked up at the house his mom had left theirs for. It was nicer than theirs, he realised. It looked more like a family home. He tried not to be bitter about that fact and gave Y/N’s hand a squeeze.

“You ready to go?” Her voice was soft.

“Yeah,” He turned to look at her. “yeah, let’s go.”

They climbed out of the car and Y/N met him in front of the car. She took his hand and started towards the house. He stayed a few steps behind her as she ascended the steps to the front door. When she reached the top, he released her hand and pulled her into his side instead. She looked up at him, asking for one last time if he was sure he wanted to do this. He nodded to her and she turned and rang the doorbell.

They heard hurried footsteps on the other side of the door before it was pulled open. The smell of freshly baked cookies drifted out of the house as the door opened. His mom looked between them both and smiled. “Hi! Come in!” Her voice sounded too cheery to be real. “I’m Carol.” Carol stuck out her hand to Y/N.

She took it. “Y/N.”

“Nice to meet you.” Carol smiled and led them into the kitchen. There was a dining table in the middle of the room and a plate of freshly baked cookies sitting on it. “Why don’t you two have a seat? And a cookie?” She was grasping for things to say, they could all tell.

“Thank you.” Y/N said as she took a seat at the circular table. Billy pulled out the chair next to her, while Carol sat across from them.

“You look good, Billy.” Carol said softly.

“Can I use your bathroom?” Billy stood suddenly.

“Yeah, it’s just down the hall.” Carol had barely finished before Billy was out of the room.

Y/N smiled awkwardly at her as she reached out and took a cookie. They were very good, like very, very good and Y/N almost grabbed another before Carol spoke up.

“How is he?”

“Getting better.” Y/N looked up and met Carol’s eyes. Billy’s eyes. “Neil’s in prison by the way.”

“What?” Carol choked on air.

“The night we left for college, the night we were supposed to leave for college.” Y/N corrected herself. “Neil found him packing up the last of his stuff. He went crazy and Max, Billy’s step sister, called the police.” Y/N bit her lip to stop herself crying. “Billy... He nearly died that night. God, for a while I thought he was going to. He didn’t wake up for three days. But we got out and we picked up the pieces, and we moved on with our lives.”

Carol scrunched her eyes shut and covered her mouth with her hand as she realised what she had left her son to experience. She tried to hold it in but Y/N still heard the sob that escaped as tears trailed down her cheeks.

A cough in the doorway caused them both to look up to find Billy watching them with tears in his eyes. His hair was a mess, something Y/N knew happened whenever he ran his fingers through it when he was nervous.

“Why-” He stopped, biting his lip and looking towards the ceiling.
“Why did you do it?”

Another sob escaped Carol’s lips and she refused to meet his eyes. “He gave me no choice. I- I tried to take you with me. I was packing your stuff while you were at school, while he was supposed to be a work. But he came home early. He-he... He said if I ever tried to take you again, he’d make sure I couldn’t. He said he’d kill you before he let me take his son away from him.” She buried her face in her hands. “Looks like he almost did that anyway. I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry.”

Y/N looked at Billy. The tears were freely running down his cheeks as he was frozen on the spot. He didn’t know what to do, what to think. It was as if the world he had known since he was ten years old was collapsing around him. Everything he had been led to think was wrong. Well, somewhat wrong. He still believed that if she had really wanted to, she would have found a way to get him out of his dad’s grasp. His head was swimming and for the third time in the last week he felt as though he couldn’t breathe.

Y/N noticed the change in his breathing pattern and got straight to her feet. His hand reached for hers as he rested his fingers on her pulse points. The steady thumping he felt there keeping him

grounded as he tried to sort his thoughts out. She moved her other hand to his face and ran it through his hair. “Breathe, alright, honey, just breathe.”

“Thank you.” He whispered as his breathing calmed down. He pressed his lips to her temple before turning back to his mom. She was watching the young couple with tears in her eyes but there was a ghost of a smile on her face. At least if she hadn’t been there for him, he had someone there for him.

“I forgive you.” Billy said, his eyes meeting his mom’s. Y/N squeezed his hand. “If-if you had got me out, I’d never have met Y/N. God knows where I’d be without her. My childhood might have been shitty but life turned out well enough for me, so yeah, I forgive you.”

“Would you like to stay for dinner? Mike will be home soon and... I understand if you don’t want too but if you still want a relationship with me, then I’m willing to work on it.” Carol stood up and walked around the table.

Billy turned to look at Y/N. She nodded to him and he turned back to his mom. “We’d love to stay for dinner.”

“Great. I made a bacon pasta bake, neither of you have any allergies or anything I should know about do you?” Carol looked as if she wanted to hug Billy but didn’t know how to go about it. So, after they had both shook their heads no, Billy stepped forwards and pulled his mom into a hug. Y/N smiled as she watched them before they were all startled by the front door opening. Carol excused herself from the room as Billy ran a hand over his face to clear away the last of the tears.

“I’m proud of you.” Y/N smiled as she wrapped her arms around his neck.

“Thank you for coming with me.” He returned her smile as he rested his hands on her hips.

“Of course.”

Y/N moved to Billy’s side as they heard footsteps heading towards

the kitchen, his hand wrapping around her waist. Carol walked through the door followed by a man who looked around the same age. He couldn't have looked more different from Neil. He was taller and dark haired with glasses and a kind smile. He looked like an English literature teacher who cared a lot about his students. He looked like a good guy, which couldn't have been further from Neil. But he wasn't the only person who followed Carol through the door.

A young girl came bounding in after them. She looked around 13 and shared features with both of her parents. She had Carol's blonde hair, blue eyes and nose, but she shared the rest of her facial feature with her father. She was chatting away about soccer practice with a big smile on her face as she came into the room. She trailed off as she caught sight of Billy and Y/N but the smile didn't disappear.

"This is my husband, Mike, and our daughter, Angelica." Carol gestured towards them both before turning to Billy and Y/N. "This is my son, Billy, and his girlfriend, Y/N."

"It's nice to meet you both." Mike held out his hand for Billy to shake.

Billy took it. "Likewise."

"I have a brother?" Angelica's voice cut through the air. She squealed and ran straight into Billy. She wrapped her arms around his waist. She was about a foot and a half shorter than him. It took him a moment to respond but when he did, he ruffled her hair.

"Half-brother but yeah, I guess you do." Billy smiled, truly smiled.

"Why don't you all take a seat and I'll put the pasta bake in the oven." Carol said. She looked truly happy too, for the first time since Billy and Y/N had arrived.

So, they did. They all sat down and Angelica told them her whole life story and all of her interests. Mike chipped in every so often, asking about Y/N and Billy and their lives as Carol came and sat down. Eventually Carol brought in the pasta bake and they all ate, talking and laughing as they did so. Billy looked around and smiled, his hand resting on Y/N's knee. He felt at home for the first time in his life.

Felt as though he truly had a family. Like he truly belonged.